

French Turquoise

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Summary: Teddy Lupin's last year at Hogwarts is just beginning but it's not as straight forward as he initially thought. Passing exams and getting into the Auror programme is only the easy part!

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Hey people! So this is my first Teddy/Victoire fan fiction, as you can probably tell! I'm really enthralled by Teddy's character so I just decided to go ahead and write! Planning to put up more chapters in the weeks to come but in the mean time, I hope you enjoy! Thanks xx

Teddy Lupin was not your average teenage wizard. For one, he was abnormally tall and the bright turquoise hair on his head didn't exactly conceal him in a crowd. But that wasn't the strangest thing about him. Teddy Lupin was a metamorphmagus. And this seemed to get him into more trouble than not when it came to his life at Hogwarts and it would even come back to bite him on the arse once he'd left that place. Although, this unique power of his was often thought of as a gift, it wasn't all bad. In fact, Teddy even thought it to be quite useful at times. It had helped him out of some sticky situations. He'd always remember one thing his mother told him though- to always be himself.

The young Lupin could transfigure himself into whatever his heart so desired, but he would always come back to his original form. He knew he was loved by his family, even if they weren't related by blood, why should that mean he change parts of his appearance to fit in? Why, maybe he should alter his hair colour to bright orange so as to match the others? But orange never really did suit him. He couldn't deny it, that thought had entered his mind more than a few times. Nonetheless, he had grown quite fond of his blue hair and the attention it often attracted, but he would never admit to the latter.

Despite not being related by blood, Teddy was extremely close to his family. They were welcoming and encouraging, and told the best stories about his parents. Perhaps the younger ones were not old enough to appreciate their sacrifice, but every time Harry began to tell the story of the Great War, Teddy's ears were as perked as a wolf intent on its prey.

He kept closely in contact with his Grandmother, Andromeda, though. She was technically the only living relative he had left, which was rather depressing but he had learned to live with it. Andromeda had raised him with the help of Harry, and for that he was eternally grateful. Teddy was also related to the Black and Malfoy family, although he was always told to steer clear of them, he had always thought of reaching out to his distant cousin, Scorpius Malfoy, who was a fair few years younger than he was. He had heard from Harry that Scorpius was the same age as Rose and Albus. Teddy could only imagine what a trio they would make in years to come!

This year would be Harry's eldest son's first year at Hogwarts and Teddy could only wish the best for him, albeit, he'd been secretly wishing James would be sorted into Hufflepuff just like himself. Teddy would love to uphold the Hufflepuff house in the entirely Gryffindor oriented home he so often visited. Though, it would additionally benefit everyone if James had a little less bravery in him. But the former reason was enough for him.

And so, Teddy began on his long-winded and heartfelt journey into discovering himself and travelling into the daunting world of adult. Little did he know that it wouldn't be as boring as he initially thought and lo and behold the transition would not be as smooth as it appeared and there would be more than a few bumps along the way, maybe even an avalanche or two.

Teddy woke up with a bang. The familiar pain of hard wood against his skull rattled through him as he recognised the bunk bed he slept under every night he spent at the Potter's house. He could only visualise the dent he had left in it after numerous times of hitting his head when he got out of bed. He never had been a morning person. Teddy clutched his head in pain, letting a curse slip from his lips.

He heard a gasp from the doorway. "Teddy said a bad word." James stood in his blue Quidditch pyjamas, feet protruding out from under his oversized trousers.

"No, James!" Teddy stuck out his hands, shaking them profusely in protest to what the boy was about to do. James ran from the room before Teddy could even stand, shouting as he raced down the corridor. He had no doubt now that every member of the household was now awake.

Ignoring the ache from his head, once Teddy had put on some clothes and dishevelled his hair strategically so, he made his way downstairs to breakfast. His trunk already in the hallway next to James' ready for the journey to Hogwarts that morning.

Approaching the kitchen, the familiar clatter of cutlery and plates echoed through the living room. Teddy recognised that Ginny hadn't been downstairs yet as Harry stood over the three Potter children,

watching them joyfully eat their breakfast. He smiled fondly.

Harry saw him standing in the doorway. "I'm sorry, Ted. I know I promised you your own room well over a year ago." Harry chuckled as Teddy sat down at the table next to Lily. James was explaining animatedly all the pranks he had planned for his first year at Hogwarts to his brother, Albus. Harry poured orange juice for each.

"Harry, don't worry. It's not as if I live here." Teddy grabbed for a glass, as James made a particularly loud remark about the explosion he had devised for the train journey, knocking it from the table.

"You may as well." He remarked.

"We don't mind." Lily spoke up from behind her half nibbled toast.

Teddy ruffled her hair affectionately. "Well then it shouldn't be too much of a burden if I were to stay for one more breakfast." Teddy looked to Harry for confirmation, though they both knew he would be leaving for Hogwarts within the hour.

"I want blue hair like Teddy's!" Lily squealed abruptly, raising her arms in excitement, completely forgetting about her toast. The table erupted into a riot of enthusiasm and laughter over who would look best with blue hair. Teddy couldn't help but laugh heartily.

"Can I have a word, Ted?" Harry interrupted over the noise, nodding towards the living room, devoid of rowdy children. Teddy followed suit into the opposite room where Ginny sat comfortably on the sofa with the Daily Prophet perched in her lap.

Sighing in relief, Harry said to her, "You could at least help with those three monsters." He spoke with good nature.

"Now why would I do that when I have a husband who is perfectly capable of doing it for me?" She glanced over the newspaper, looking rather mischievous.

Teddy interrupted the couple. "This isn't the talk about me being a bad influence, is it?" He scrunched up his face.

"Not quite yet," Harry chuckled. "I wanted to talk to you, about this being your last year at Hogwarts and all. I wanted to give you this." He pulled out a small black box from his pocket.

"What is it?" Teddy's curiosity grew exponentially as he stared at the box, stepping closer.

"It was your mother's." He pressed the box into Teddy's hand firmly; a father's touch. "I know I'm not your father, I never will be, but I also know how this feels. How to grow up with no one to turn to. I'm just letting you know that you always have us and you'll always be welcome here." Harry placed his hand on Teddy's shoulder comfortingly. He could only wonder how his own father would act in a situation such as this.

The same familiar ache swelled in Teddy's chest, a hollow that he

could never explain with words, something he had felt everyday of his life; everyday that he thought of his parents.

Just as Teddy thanked his godparents, an odd noise leaked in from the kitchen. James leapt through the living room with an armful of toast and marmalade, singing the Hogwarts anthem as he went. The three were left wide eyed and mystified at the sight.

"Still think he should be in Hufflepuff?" Harry questioned as his eldest son scurried off up the stairs.

Teddy kept the black box in his pocket until he got on the Hogwarts Express.

The family took a portkey to the station to see off Teddy and James. Hand in hand, Teddy and Lily both ran straight at the brick wall that led to platform nine and three quarters. It was buzzing with students and owls and luggage when they turned the corner. The atmosphere made him realise how excited he was to return to Hogwarts; his favourite place on earth.

Since he had been made head boy, Teddy knew his train journey would consist of organising patrols and planning events for the academic year. He had yet to find out who had made head girl, he just hoped they could get along. Not that Teddy didn't get along with most people, in fact Teddy was one of the most charismatic people you could find. But there was always someone.

Smoke shrouded the furthest reaches of the platform so that Teddy could only search so far for the rest of the Weasley clan. Naturally, he had spent most of his childhood with the Weasleys having partially lived with the Potters for the majority of his life. All of the Weasleys were younger than Teddy, so he had taken quite the protective older brother role in the family. For all except Vic, of course.

All blonde hair and bright eyes and energy. From the very moment he first set eyes on her when they were young, Teddy's heart lit up. He remembered when they first got together at the Quidditch World Cup the year prior and they had lasted quite promisingly ever since. Up until then, they had been inseparable as friends. Being a year older, he couldn't help but be a little protective over her, much to her annoyance. Vic was a rebel and Teddy was one of the very few who could control that spark. She could be wild and crazy at times, yet judging by appearance, you'd think her the most innocent girl on the planet. But get on the wrong side of Vic and you had a death wish; the French had their ways.

When Teddy saw her in the carriageway, clad with a black leather jacket, his heart made no attempts at hiding his delight. "Wotcher, Vic."

The blonde turned slowly, a smirk plastered on her face. "Hey, Teddy," She said smoothly. "You coming?" She nodded in the direction of the carriage compartment filling up with fellow students.

"I can't," Teddy noticed the slight fall in her excited expression as he rubbed the back of his neck coolly. "Head boy duty awaits." He nodded in the opposite direction of the carriage sadly.

She stepped closer. "Well in that case I'd have to feel sorry for whoever was made head girl." The smirk was back.

Teddy rolled his eyes fondly. Stepping closer just as she did. Teddy had always known Vic was part vela, he only wondered just how dominant that part was, because in that moment he thought she was beautiful. She finally closed the distance between them, gliding her hands behind his neck and looking up into his dark eyes.

"I missed you." She admitted before leaning in to kiss him hard on the lips. Her lips were warm and familiar and tasted like lavender. She pulled the lapels of his jacket, wanting him closer.

"You saw me last week." He smiled against her lips, their foreheads still touching. She beamed mischievously right back.

"Vic!" A voice called from further down the carriage. Teddy recognised it belonged to Luanna, one of Vic's closest friends. Teddy knew her well from the Quidditch pitch, despite Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw's rivalry, they respected each other's captainship. His mind went back to the sapphire eyes in front of him.

"I'll see you later, blue." Vic kissed him once more before she languidly, yet reluctantly, turned away.

Their clutched hands lingered, holding onto each other for as long as possible before she was out of reach. Teddy watched her swiftly glance back over her shoulder as she sauntered down the carriageway.

Teddy tugged the compartment door open with ease, noticing that there was already someone else in the prefects carriage. The unknown someone turned. The look of disappointment on her face was apparent as her shoulders visibly deflated once she set eyes on Teddy. "Well, I suppose it could be worse." The head girl sniggered, looking Teddy up and down with her hands assertively on her hips.

Beth Buchanan. Slytherin seeker and Quidditch captain, but also someone Teddy never did quite see eye to eye with. She was head girl. He didn't really know how he felt about this but he knew he wasn't very excited.

"Beth." Teddy cleared his throat, frowning "Good summer?"

She scoffed. "Like you'd want to know."

Teddy sighed, it felt as if this had been going on since the day they met. "Hey, what is it that I did to you to make you hate me so much?"

She seemed to consider this. "I don't hate you." Her expression soften slightly. She was about to continue when the carriage door screeched against its hinges. It opened to reveal the other prefects, who filtered in slowly. Teddy smiled as greetings were passed casually amongst the students. Beth's hard exterior had returned.

The meeting consisted mostly of planning for curfew patrols and to supervise first years when they get to the castle. Nothing groundbreaking. Beth seemed happy to take her fair share of patrols

and even spoke to the rest of the prefects with no objection. She definitely held a grudge for Teddy but at least she had the decency to be polite about it.

Once the meeting was over and positions assigned, the prefects were free to do as they pleased, within reason of course. Luckily Teddy had wangled his way out of weekend patrols and only had one crossover with Beth per week. Additionally, he would have to share a common room with her, so he vowed to try his hardest to get along with her. Even if that meant not speaking at all.

Once the meeting had finished, Teddy made his way to Vic's carriage. The countryside passed in waves of green and brown as he stumbled down the carriageway. He continued down the train contently, checking each compartment for any sign of his friends. Teddy was moving to the next window when something tugged on his hood from behind. He was swung into an empty compartment, bumping into the door as he went, only to find Vic pressing her lavender lips to his. He heard her click the door shut behind them without breaking the kiss, and Teddy pushed her up against it.

"I heard you only liked me for the blue hair."

"I heard you only liked me because I'm part vela." She smiled against his lips.

"I want to show you something." Teddy pulled away slowly, sitting down on the compartment's springy bench. He finally took out the black box burning in his coat pocket. Teddy clutched it closely to his body as the train bounced and rattled through the countryside.

Once Vic was seated close to him on the bench, Teddy pulled the silver chain from the box, jangling as the black stone was unveiled. The necklace twirled from its chain, glinting against the rays of light shooting past the window and projecting some kind of silver aurora orbiting the ornament.

"What is it?" Vic asked in fascination.

"It tracks the full moon." Teddy spoke simply.

Vic grazed the stone with a finger. "Why would it do that?" She stared in wonder at the object.

"My father was a werewolf. My mother used it to keep track of when he'd be most likely to change."

There was a hesitant pause and then she spoke, "Do you miss them?"

"Everyday." Teddy whispered, turning the necklace over in his hands.

"I'm sorry." Vic whispered into his shoulder.

"Don't be sorry." She felt him swallow. "It's people like you who make it better."

She didn't know why she said it. Maybe it was because Teddy looked so

vulnerable in that moment, but she said it anyway. "Promise me you'll be careful with Quidditch this year. Luanna's really been stepping up her game."

"What?" Teddy frowned. "Worried I won't be able to take on a bunch of Ravenclaws?" He smirked.

"That 'bunch of Ravenclaws' happen to be my friends." She bumped his shoulder. "And anyway, it's Slytherin and Gryffindor you need to worry about."

"You know, your lack of faith in me really hurts." He said, pressing his hand to his chest.

Vic hummed in agreement. "You need to get changed." Glancing out of the window, she saw the familiar forest crown of the black lake.
"We'll be there soon."

Teddy smirked. "Nice try but you can't make me take my clothes off that easily."

That's it for now! Thanks for reading!

End
file.